

Production No. 1F__

The Simpsons

"BART OF DARKNESS"

Written by

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FIRST DRAFT

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NOTE: FOR TABLE READ ONLY

"BART OF DARKNESS"

Cast List

HOMER.....DAN CASTELLANETA

MARGE.....JULIE KAVNER

BART.....NANCY CARTWRIGHT

LISA.....YEARDLEY SMITH

OPTIONAL COLD OPENING

(NOTE: This should all be played with dead seriousness.)

FADE IN:

ART CARD: "THE SIMPSONS"

MARGE'S VOICE (V.O.)

(LOW, EARNEST, A LA SUSAN ^URATTAN)

Previously on "The Simpsons"...

RAPID MONTAGE

A) Bart and Lisa are in a darkened closet at school. They crouch down in fear, hiding. Outside, we see Mrs. Krabappel stalking the dark hallway, with a crazed look.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(MENACING) You've got to quit hiding
some time, Bart...

B) Hutz is talking to Ned. He actually seems smart.

HUTZ

The District Attorney has decided to
bring charges of manslaughter.

NED

(HUSHED) But...but I'm innocent.

C) Mr. Burns is at Homer's workstation. He opens a filing cabinet drawer, and white doves fly out, startling him.

HOMER / LENNY / CARL

(HEARTY LAUGHTER)

D) At a live performance of the Krusty Show, Barney stands up in the audience, waving a pistol.

BYSTANDER

Look out, he's got a guunnnnnn!!

E) Inside a jewelry store that has just been robbed, Marge cradles an injured Moleman. Alarms are sounding.

MARGE

(HYSTERICAL) Help us! Oh God, won't
somebody please help us!

F) Back to Bart and Lisa in the closet: Mrs. Krabappel opens the closet door and leans in, appearing in scary backlight.

MRS. KRABAPPEL

(EVIL SING-SONG) I know you're in
there...

G) Barney has taken Krusty hostage onstage. Wiggum and many police officers have him surrounded, guns drawn.

WIGGUM

(URGENT, INTO RADIO) If you can get a
clear shot, take it.

Homer runs towards the stage, in slow motion...

HOMER

(SLOW) Noooooo!!!!

FADE TO BLACK.

PAUSE IN BLACKNESS.

RUN MAIN TITLE SEQUENCE.

"BART OF DARKNESS"

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ACT ONE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE AND ENVIRONS - DAY

MUSIC: TENSE, SULTRY, ENNIO MORRICONE-STYLE

It's a sweltering summer day. Pan through the sun-parched landscape, in the manner of Sergio Leone. In the backyard, a heat-blurred shape approaches, gradually coming into focus, a la "High Plains Drifter". When it focuses, it's Ned Flanders, riding a lawn mower.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - ANOTHER ANGLE

Lisa sits on the sofa, watching TV, fanning herself wearily. Ned rides by, framed in the window. He waves.

NED

(CHIPPER) Buenas-diddly-dias, Lisa!

(MOPS BROW) Phew! Dog-diggity hot enough for ya?

LISA

(WEAK LAUGH)

TV VOICE (O.S.)

"Cauldron Creatures from Planet Sweatbox" will continue, after this message from Duraflame.

With a weary SIGH, Lisa gets up and goes to the kitchen.

INT. REFRIGERATOR - CLOSEUP - CONTINUOUS

Homer adjusts the "coldness" dial, turning it way up.

HOMER

If my calculations prove correct...

It won't go any further; with a loud GRUNT, he forces it further til it breaks. He exhales; his breath is visible.

HOMER

(ECSTATIC) I'm...a...genius!

Widen to reveal Homer and Bart, sitting in their underwear. They've propped the refrigerator door open, and rigged up a kind of tent around it made out of blankets and old raincoats. They sit against the shelves and relax.

BART

Homer, my hat goes off to you.

HOMER

It's cool in here, boy. For the rest of the summer, we can live inside the refrigerator.

Lisa sticks her head in through one of the blankets.

LISA

Dad? Bart? (RESERVED PUZZLEMENT)

Uh...what are you doing?

HOMER

(GASPS) Lisa! Shut that blanket! The precious coolth is escaping!

BART

Yeah, bust it outta here, sis. This is an igloo built for two.

LISA

I have just as much right to live in the refrigerator as you do, Bart.

BART

Do not.

LISA

Do so.

BART / HOMER

Do not.

LISA

Do so.

BART / HOMER

Do not.

LISA

(TRUMP CARD) Mommmmmmmmm!!!!

INT. SIMPSON MASTER BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Marge sits in a rocking chair with Maggie. An electric fan is blowing, tilting her hair over. She turns on a fan on the opposite side, which straightens it, but then her hair tilts over a third way. As she switches on a third fan...

LISA'S VOICE (O.S.)

Moommmmm!!! BartandDadwontletmelive-
intherefrigeratorwiththemmmmm!!

MARGE

(GETTING UP) Oh, for God's sakes...

INT. REFRIGERATOR - MOMENTS LATER

Bart and Lisa are having a tug-of-war with the blankets, as Homer frantically tries to hold the tent together.

BART / LISA / HOMER

(AD-LIB FRANTIC SHOUTING MATCH)

Suddenly, the entire tent comes crashing down. Marge stands over them, holding the tattered remains.

MARGE

What on Earth is going on in here?!

HOMER

(LYING) We're doing.....chores?

With a wheezing POP!, the refrigerator shuts down.

MARGE

Now look! You broke the refrigerator!

HOMER

(SMUGLY, TO FRIDGE) Heh-heh. You
machines are smarter than us humans,
but in the end, we always triumph.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - LATER

Bart, Lisa and Homer are lying around, faint from the heat.

HOMER

(LOOKS AT WALL CLOCK) Ohhh, it's only
two o'clock! (WHINY) Will winter
never come?

A MOB OF HOLLERING KIDS goes running by the window. Bart
and Lisa crawl over to the window and look out.

BART

Strange. Does running like crazy after
a truck cool you off? Can it be those
kids know something I don't?

LISA

Bart, get a look at that truck. It
seems to be some sort of mobile pool.

BART

Or pool...mobile?

LISA

If you like. The difference is largely semantic.

Pause. They look at each other.

BART / LISA

POOL-MOBILE!!! (THEY RUN OFF)

MARGE

Ooh, I read about this. The city saved enough money by reducing prison terms, to afford a summer outreach program.

Do you kids think you'd like to...

Bart and Lisa zoom past her in their bathing suits, trailing bath towels, and are out the door. Beat. Homer comes running by in his bathing suit.

MARGE

Homer! It's for children.

EXT. SIMPSONS' STREET - CONTINUOUS

A large flatbed truck with a shallow swimming pool mounted on its back stops majestically in the center of the street. On its side, a sign: "Springfield Parks Dept. Pool-Mobile". The mob of kids has surrounded it, CHEERING. Bart shoves his way to the front of the crowd. As he gets there, the truck door swings open, blocking his path.

CLOSEUP OF THE TRUCK CAB

A booted foot steps down out of the cab. Pan up to reveal the driver: Principal Skinner in trucker's attire and aviator shades.

SKINNER

Children! Now let's not allow the prospect of splishy, splashy, zany poolside fun to prevent us from forming two orderly lines.

BART

Principal Skinner? Is that you?

SKINNER

Why, yes it is, Bart. (EXPLAINING)

Like many educators, I'm not averse to
handling a big rig now and then,

provided it's for a good cause. (OUT

LOUD) Now everyone pay close attention
to your Lifeguard!

Otto emerges from underwater, splashing everyone as he does
a lusty butterfly stroke to the side of the pool. The kids
recoil, SCREAMING.

OTTO

C'mon in, little dudes! (PAUSE) Oh, I

guess I have to sit up there, huh.

He stands up in the water, which barely comes to his knees.
He climbs onto a lifeguard's chair that is mounted over the
roof of the truck cab. Patting the pockets of his shorts:

OTTO

Uh-oh. Can one of you kids dive for my

wallet? (PAUSE) And my keys?

EXT. STREET - POOLMOBILE - LATER

Lisa and a mob of kids are splashing happily in the pool.

MUSIC: "JAWS" THEME

UNDERWATER POV

Everybody's legs are standing firmly on the pool floor.
Something is getting closer, closer...

ABOVE WATER

Two legs pop up from under the surface, right in front of
Lisa, who SCREAMS. The legs flip over, and Bart emerges.

BART

(EXCITED) Lisa, you've gotta come below with me! If you open your eyes underwater, you can see everything!

LISA

(EXCITED) Really? What can you see?

BART

(EXCITED) The floor and the walls and everyone's legs! And it's all blue!

LISA

(EXCITED GASP)

OTTO

(YELLS) Okay, little dudes, time's up! Everybody out!

Reluctantly COMPLAINING, kids begin clambering out.

BART

(SHOCKED) Time's up?! So long, Lis. I'm gonna stow away underwater, and go where the pool goes. (EMBRACES HER) Have a good life.

He pops under the water. Silence. After a short beat, he comes back up, huffing and puffing. Otto lifts him out.

OTTO

Sorry, Bart-dude. We gotta fill this thing with epsom salt and cart it over to the old folks' home.

Skinner and Otto pack up and prepare to drive off.

BART

'S okay, Otto-man. (TO SKINNER) Same time tomorrow, Seymour?

SKINNER

(CHUCKLES) Oh, heavens no. One day per summer is all we're budgeted for. Why, we'll have to merge the Science and History departments just to cover insurance costs on this. (MUSING) "The Science of History"? No: "The History of Science"...

He steps on the gas, and they drive off.

OTTO

(WAVING) See you next summer, dudes!

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - MOMENTS LATER

Marge opens the front door, to find Bart and Lisa there. They appear to be in an ecstatic trance. Silence.

MARGE

Well, how was the Pool-mobile?

(SILENCE) Did you "cool off"? (MORE PORTENTOUS SILENCE. THEN:)

BART / LISA

(ERUPTING) WE WANT A POOL! WE WANT A POOL! WE WANT A POOL! Canwehavea-poolMom?Canwecanwecanweplease???!!

MARGE

(CAUTIOUS MURMUR) We'll talk about it later with your father.

INT. SIMPSON KITCHEN - THAT EVENING

The family sit at the dinner table. Bart and Lisa are still wild-eyed. Homer deliberately plays with his fork.

BART / LISA

CanwehaveapoolDad? CANWECANWEPLEASE?

CANWECANWECANWECANWE???! etc.

HOMER

(IGNORING THEM) Well, I'll be! This sure is one pointy fork. Eh, Marge? Look how pointy!

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - THAT NIGHT

The family sit on the couch, watching TV.

BART / LISA

CANWECANWECANWECANWECANWE???...

(CONTINUOUS DRONE THROUGHOUT)

HOMER

Quiet, kids. "The Towering Inferno" is on. Pay attention and learn.

MARGE

Homer, I don't think you can keep avoiding the question like this.

INT. SIMPSON MASTER BEDROOM - NIGHT

Homer and Marge lie in bed, awake. The phone rings.

HOMER

(ANSWERING SLEEPILY) Y'ello?

BART'S VOICE

Canwehaveapool,Dad? Canwecanweplease?

HOMER

(ANGRY) Who is this?! (HANGS UP)

MARGE

Y'know, a pool wouldn't be such a bad idea. I know it's over our budget, but we always find a way. Why are you so against it?

HOMER

Because it's a big deal, and big deals are scary! Whenever I make an effort, something always jinxes it. Like when I bought the bomb shelter.

HOMER'S FLASHBACK

In the backyard, Homer finishes building a bomb shelter.

HOMER

(DUSTS HANDS) Safe from Soviet missiles at last! And the best part is, this bomb shelter is made from genuine pieces of the Berlin Wall.

Long pause. He stares at it, whistling happily. Finally:

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

BACK TO SCENE

HOMER

(ANGRY STEWING NOISES)

MARGE

(GENTLY) Let it go, honey. It was a
long time ago...

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - NEXT DAY

Another sweltering day. Bart and Lisa languish miserably
on the sofa, SIGHING. Homer enters, somewhat sheepishly.

HOMER

Aw, cheer up, kids. You can still cool
off... Why, look outside! The Glass-
Blowing-Mobile is here!

EXT. SIMPSONS' STREET - SIMULTANEOUS

Frink, running the Parks Dept. Glass-Blowing Mobile, gives
a demonstration to a lone child, Martin. They both hold
blow-tubes with gobs of molten glass from a raging furnace,
and are happily SINGING to the tune of "Blow the Man Down".

FRINK

(SINGS) You stoke up your fur-nace to
a thousand de-grees...

MARTIN

(SINGS) With a Yo, Ho, blow the glass
now!...

BACK TO SCENE

BART / LISA

(INDIFFERENT SIGH)

Homer exits, looking guilty.

EXT. BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Homer stands out back, wringing his hands.

HOMER

Ohh, I don't deserve to feel guilty!

I'm a coward, not a cheapskate!

He looks next door, where Flanders is using a garden hose as a makeshift sprinkler. Rod and Todd run around under it splashing each other, in old-time full-body bathing suits.

ROD

Look at me! I'm John the Baptiser!

TODD

And I am one who has hearkened unto you, and has come seeking baptism!

ROD / TODD

(SPLASHING) Weee!

NED

Phew! I don't know whether to call this a heat-wave or a micro-wave! Know what I mean, Homer?

HOMER

Oh, get it over with, Flanders! Just buy your kids a damn swimming pool and show me up already!

NED

Well sir, a pool would sure be a godsend, but this year it'd also be a Ned-send...send ole Neddy straight to the poorhouse-a-rooney.

HOMER

Is that so? Well, well, well...

HOMER'S FANTASY

Homer, dressed like a Roman emperor, does the backstroke in a huge, marble above-the-ground pool in his backyard. A crowd of friends and neighbors arrive, in togas.

HOMER

(PETER USTINOV VOICE) Friends!

Citizens! Welcome one and all!

Ned, Todd and Rod, in slave costumes, are turning a giant stone wheel nearby as everyone else happily swims.

NED

For pity's sake, master, allow us one moment of relief!

HOMER

(PETER USTINOV VOICE) Never, I say!

Now, to your drudgery! (LAUGHS)

BACK TO SCENE

Homer is ROARING OBNOXIOUSLY as Ned looks on, puzzled.

HOMER

(STILL PETER USTINOV) That's it! Keep drudging, Flanders! Gee-yah! (LONG OBNOXIOUS LAUGH)

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. POOL SHARKS! POOL EMPORIUM - DAY - ESTABLISHING

"Pool Sharks!" is a huge pool supply outlet located off the freeway. A big sign depicts a giant friendly shark in a cowboy hat, standing next to a swimming pool, waving. The Simpson car pulls up into the parking lot.

INT. CAR

Homer, at the wheel, is still CHUCKLING to himself.

HOMER

(STILL PETER USTINOV) Go on, Flanders!
Put your back into it!

LISA

I assume Dad's English accent has
something to do with our getting a
pool. But beyond that, I'm lost.

BART

Don't think, Lis. Just flow with it.

INT. POOL SHARKS! - A LITTLE LATER

The family wanders about the showroom floor led by an
elfin, overeducated, ponytailed SALESMAN.

SALESMAN

And this, is our "Figure-8" model.

HOMER

(PLEASED) Ooh, "Figure-8". Classy.

MARGE

(SOTTO) Um, Homer, shouldn't we be
looking at the less expensive ones?

HOMER

(ALOUD) Pshaw! The nice thing about
not being able to afford a small one
is, we might as well get a big one!

SALESMAN

(QUICKLY) How's that?

HOMER

(QUICKLY) Nuttin'.

SALESMAN

(QUICKLY) Good. Anyway over here, we have our largest model: 3 feet deep.

BART

The one in the corner's 4 feet deep.

SALESMAN

Ah. But this one comes with a pump.

LISA

But they all come with a pump.

SALESMAN

(SNIFFY) Um...Look, this job, this is not what I really do, okay? I play keyboards.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - NEXT DAY

Another sweltering day. The family is engaged in the gargantuan task of assembling a huge, wobbly, above-the-ground aluminum swimming pool. The parts are spread out on the ground all over the backyard.

HOMER

(FRIGHTENED) There's just too many parts! They'll never all fit! Never, I tell you!

He crawls inside the rolled-up aluminum wall and hides.

LISA

Don't be afraid, Dad. Just follow the instructions one step at a time.

TIME DISSOLVE MONTAGE

A) As INSPIRING INDUSTRIAL MUSIC plays, we see Homer studiously reading the blueprints in the backyard. A calendar page rips off to show a day has passed. Homer is still studying the blueprints. Another calendar page rips off. This repeats three or four more times. Finally, Lisa angrily grabs the blueprints away from him.

B) The family co-operate to assemble the pool piece by piece, under Lisa's direction. We hear more INSPIRING INDUSTRIAL MUSIC as they consult the blueprints and expertly go about it, a model of teamwork and determination.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - LATE AFTERNOON

The empty pool appears finished. Homer looks at it in awe.

HOMER

Finished! But with one fatal error:

(HORRORSTRUCK) It's upside-down! We
built it upside-down!!

LISA

(WEARILY) No, we didn't. We did a
good job.

HOMER

Woo hoo!

The front door bell RINGS insistently.

MARGE

Who could that be...?

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - SECONDS LATER

Marge goes to the front door and opens it.

MARGE

(QUIZZICAL) Hello...?

A vast contingent of neighborhood kids, all wearing bathing suits and carrying towels, is camped on the Simpson doorstep. Jimbo leads the delegation.

JIMBO

(BASHFUL) Uh, hello, uh, Mrs. Bart.

(OFFHANDED)...Is your pool ready yet?

EXT. BACKYARD - DUSK

As the completed pool fills with water from a garden hose, we see the army of kids slowly converging around the pool, like "Night of the Living Dead".

HOMER

I'm not worried. They all have to go
home as soon as it gets dark.

TIME DISSOLVE

to darkness. Dozens of glowing eyes peep at the pool,
surrounding the house.

HOMER

(HOPEFULLY) Well, maybe they'll go
home at sunrise.

BART

Cool. We're surrounded. We are going
to be the most popular family in the
world!

HOMER

(WORRIED MURMUR, LIKE MARGE)

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT ONE.

ACT TWO

FADE IN:

INT. KITCHEN - DAY

The kitchen is overrun with wet kids, dripping water and dragging wet towels everywhere. A harried Marge is making about 100 sandwiches at a time. Bart traipses by in his bathing suit, still dry, and scarfs a sandwich as he goes.

MARGE

Bart...? (POINTEDLY) Are all these
children friends of yours?

BART

(DEFENSIVE, MOUTH FULL) Friends and
well-wishers, yes.

A MOB OF WET TEENAGERS troop into the kitchen, and nod familiarly to a RUNNY-NOSED KID we've never seen before.

MOB OF TEENAGERS

(TO KID) Hey, Bart./ Hi, Bart./ etc.

The last teenager to go by nods to Marge.

LAST TEENAGER

Hello, Mrs. Cumberdale.

MARGE

(ANNOYED MURMUR)

EXT. BACKYARD - MOMENTS LATER

The backyard is a vision of chaos, with kids roaming everywhere. Milhouse and a dozen other kids are happily splashing in the pool. Bart passes, surveying them.

BART

This day, I am Master of Reality.

MILHOUSE

C'mon, Bart, what're you waiting for?

Bart climbs up to the top of his treehouse and preens.

BART

It's time to christen this pool with an
entrance for the ages. (SHOUTING) Hey,
I'm gonna dive in from up here!
Everybody look at me!

KIDS

(CHANTING) Jump, Bart, jump! Jump,
Bart, jump!

Just as he is about to commit to an ambitious dive, Nelson
surfaces from underwater.

NELSON

Haw haw! Your epidermis is showing!

BART

(MORTIFIED) It is?!! (GASPS)

A DOZEN LITTLE GIRLS

(DERISIVE LAUGHTER)

Bart stumbles in the tree, trying to hide his epidermis.

ANOTHER ANGLE

Nelson and Kearney talk calmly as Bart, in the background,
plummets out of the tree and hits the ground hard.

NELSON

See, "epidermis" means your hair...

BART (B.G.)

(FALLING) YAAARRRG!! (SFX: THONK!)

NELSON (CONT.)

...so technically it's true. (PAUSE)

That's what makes it so funny.

KEARNEY

Ah.

Bart is on the ground with one leg twisted up in a zig-zag.

BART

Uumph. (NOTICES LEG) Cool, a giant
pretzel. (REALIZING) Oh, wait.

EXT. SPRINGFIELD MAIN STREET - MINUTES LATER

The Simpson car careens wildly down the street.

INT. CAR - CONTINUOUS

Homer is at the wheel, consoling Bart who lies in the back seat, a la Harvey Keitel and Tim Roth in "Reservoir Dogs".

HOMER

You're gonna be okay, boy. Say that
back to me. Say, "I'm gonna be OK."

BART

Arg! My leg's broke! It's broken,
Homer!!

HOMER

(A LA KEITEL) Excuse me, are you a
doctor? Because if you're not a
doctor, how do you know it's broken?
Only a doctor knows for sure.

INT. SPRINGFIELD GENERAL HOSPITAL - CORRIDOR

Bart, on a gurney, is being swiftly wheeled down a long corridor by a team of PARAMEDICS. As they rush, they push their way through many swinging doors. Homer follows, huffing and puffing. When they come through the last set of swinging doors, they are in the middle of a giant, massively overcrowded waiting room, where they set him down unceremoniously.

PARAMEDIC #1

(CASUAL) There ya go.

PARAMEDIC #2

(SATISFIED) Our work is done.

The paramedics turn and leave, abandoning Bart in the middle of the waiting room.

INT. SPRINGFIELD HOSPITAL EMERGENCY ROOM - MINUTES LATER

The E.R. is overcrowded with every variety of moaning, wounded patient. A nurse at the front desk examines Bart.

NURSE

(COLDLY) Yep, that leg is pretty
broken. (POKES AT IT) Yowza.

Bart and Homer both GRIMACE.

NURSE (CONT.)

Have a seat in the "Non-Gunshot-
Related" section. You're number 112.

A little digital sign lights up with the number "33".

PLEASANT FEMALE VOICE (P.A.)

Now serving 33.

NURSE

Prob'ly be a while. --Want a bullet to
bite? We got different kinds.

INT. X-RAY ROOM - LATER

A handsome, fatherly MAN prepares to x-ray Bart.

FATHERLY MAN

Now son, this "magic box" is an x-ray
device, and it's going to "draw" a kind
of "fairy picture" of your...

BART

Quit yappin' and start snappin'. I'm
in some pain here, bub.

FATHERLY MAN

Very well...

Suddenly a stern Federal Agent enters the room.

FEDERAL AGENT

(STERNLY) Dr. Kimball...!

FATHERLY MAN

(LOOKS UP) I didn't kill my wife.

FEDERAL AGENT

I..don't..care.

The fatherly man shoves Bart's gurney into the agent, and runs out the door. The agent shoves Bart aside and chases after him. Beat. A DORKY YOUNG INTERN enters the room.

DORKY YOUNG INTERN

(SQUEAKY VOICE) Hello, son. I'm Dr.

Russell, your radiolo-lologist.

INT. DR. HIBBERT'S EXAMINING ROOM - LATER

Bart sits on the examining couch with Homer nearby, as Dr. Hibbert reads the x-rays.

DR. HIBBERT

(CHUCKLES) Well, well. That's quite a
fracture you've got there, Patient M.

BART

(PUZZLED) Patient M? You know me,
Doc. I'm Bart Simpson.

DR. HIBBERT

Of course. But the new regulations require that we maintain anonymity, the better to ration your care. We'll get that leg in a cast, and it'll be good as new by Labor Day, so luckily you won't miss any school.

HOMER

(CONSOLING) But, he gets to have one of those waterproof casts so he can go in the pool, right? Right?

DR. HIBBERT

(DARKLY) Well, if it were up to me... But the health plan won't authorize the extra expense.

HOMER

(PLEADING) But Dr. Hibbert---

DR. HIBBERT

Please. Call me Doctor Z.

Homer discreetly takes something out of his wallet and slides it across the desk.

HOMER

Don't worry, son, I'll fix this. (SLY)
Well, Dr. Z., maybe a lit-tle palm grease will change your tune.

Dr. Hibbert picks up the piece of paper and examines it.

DR. HIBBERT

(READING IT) "Wanted: 100 People to
Earn Money by Gaining Weight"?

HOMER

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

DR. HIBBERT

Believe me, if it were my decision,
your son would get a fiberglass cast.
Nothing could be easier! (STIFFLY,
GROWING ANGRY) But-I-guess-the-family-
doctor-doesn't-know-better-than-some-
damn-bureaucrat-who's-SCREWING-ME-OUT-
OF-MY-PRACTICE-AND-WON'T-EVEN-LET-ME-
CALL-MY-PATIENTS-BY-THEIR-OWN-NAMES-
ANYMORE!

He furiously strides over to his office wall, takes down
the famous Norman Rockwell painting of the family doctor,
and breaks it over his knee. Pause.

DR. HIBBERT

(SIGHS) It's a different world, Homer
M. It's a different world.

DISSOLVE TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - NEXT DAY

Lisa is holding court in the middle of the pool, surrounded
by boys vying for her attention.

CUTE BOY

(JUMPING) Lisa! Look at me!

UGLY CHUBBY BOY

(DOES A TRICKY DIVE) No, look at me!

ANOTHER CUTE BOY sneaks up behind her and rudely shoves her head underwater, SNICKERING.

LISA

(SPLUTTERING) What the hell's the
matter with you?!

SECOND CUTE BOY

(GOOFY LAUGH) Hi.

Bart sits glumly by the side of the pool, his leg in an enormous hip-to-ankle plaster cast. Wendell, Lewis, and an older boy pass Bart on their way into the pool.

WENDELL

Hey, Bart.

LEWIS

Hi, Bart.

OLDER BOY

Yo, kid.

BART

(EAGER) Hey, guys! C'mon 'n sit down!
Wanna see a card trick? Do a Junior
Jumble with me? Siiit!

WENDELL

(UNCOMFORTABLE) Uh, actually, Bart, we
came to visit, um, Lisa. (QUICKLY) Oh,
look, there she is!

LISA

(WAVING FROM POOL) Hi, guys!

They all hop in the pool, LAUGHING and playing happily.
Bart turns to see Milhouse next to him, eyes darting.

MILHOUSE

Uh, hi, Bart. How's it goin'?

BART

Faithful Milhouse. You'll spend the long, hot days by my side, won't you?

MILHOUSE

Uh, sure Bart, but, I think I lost a contact lens, in the bottom of your pool. I better go in and find it.

BART

You don't wear contact le--

MILHOUSE

Good-bye, Bart. (RUNS OFF)

Bart looks crestfallen and desperate.

ON LISA

who notices. Just as she is about to say something to him:

BOYS' VOICES (O.S.)

Hey, Lisa! Look at us!

She turns to see that Cute Boys #1 & 2 are holding the Chubby Kid underwater and punching him. They smile and wave. So does the chubby kid. Lisa is torn between Bart and the boys. Then...

LISA

(CALLING) Coming! (SHE JOINS THEM)

ON BART

BART

I'm outta here, man. I don't need anyone's pity.

A PRETTY LITTLE GIRL comes and sits down next to him.

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

(SYMPATHETIC) Hi, Bart. Sorry about
your leg. Does it hurt?

BART'S BRAIN

OK, play it cool. Be brave and remote.
Make her come to you.

BART

(BRAVE AND COOL) Oh, it's probably not
anything you want to hear about.

PRETTY LITTLE GIRL

(BRIGHT) OK then, see ya. (RUNS OFF)

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT) (PAUSE, THEN:) (DEEP
GROWL OF DESPAIR)

INT. BART'S ROOM - LATER

From the POV of Bart's bedroom window, we see an overview
of kids playing in the pool below. A hand pulls down the
windowshade, blocking out the view.

BART'S VOICE

Traitors. Go on and have your pool.

I'm fine by myself, right here.

Bart settles back in a chair, alone in the dark.

BART

I'll just spend the summer getting re-
acquainted with an old friend called
Television.

He turns on his television.

ON TV

Itchy is bricking up Scratchy behind a wall in a medieval dungeon. When he is done, he dusts his hands and leaves. Reverse angle: Scratchy is trapped behind the wall. In a series of time dissolves, he wastes away horribly. When he is almost a skeleton, a pickaxe breaks down the wall and light streams in. But so much time has passed that it's now the distant future, and the wall has been knocked down by a team of Itchy-like scientist mice in futuristic uniforms. Scratchy runs out to thank his liberators. But, alarmed by Scratchy's appearance, they ZAP him repeatedly with laser guns, making him writhe on the floor in agony.

BART

(NOT LAUGHING) Well, that certainly
passed the time. Let's see... (CASTS
ABOUT) I bet it would be fun to
(THINKS) ...alphabetize something...

EXT. BACKYARD - DAYS LATER - SUNRISE

Homer has risen early for a morning swim. Birds are chirping, no one is astir. As he climbs the pool ladder, he savors the peace and quiet.

HOMER

(SERENE) Ah...There's nothing like
rising with the sun for a quiet,
peaceful dip in your very own pool.

He dives athletically from atop the ladder. As he dives:

HOMER

(INCREDIBLY LOUD, OBNOXIOUS WHOOP)

He lands in the water with an enormous SPLASH that seems to send half the water out of the pool. When he emerges, he is covered from head to toe with green algae and pool scum.

HOMER

(DISGUSTED) YAAARR--Ewwwwwww!!

Lisa comes out of the house to see what's wrong. Lights also go on in neighboring houses.

LISA

Dad...?

HOMER

Lisa! The Blob has got me! Don't touch me, or he'll get you too!

LISA

That's not the Blob, it's algae that grows in the water. Have you been chlorinating?

HOMER

Chlorin-whoodle?

LISA

Dad, you have to put chlorine in the water every day, to keep it clean.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY - LATER

The pool is now filled with children again, wincing and rubbing their eyes in pain. Several children are bleached albino-white, among them Ralph Wiggum.

KIDS

It burns! It burns!

RALPH WIGGUM

(RUBBING EYES) My face is on fire..!

MARGE

(ALARMED) Homer!! How much chlorine did you put in?!

Homer is holding an enormous industrial-size bucket of chlorine, which is now empty.

HOMER

(SHRUGS) All of it. (OFF HER LOOK)

Well, now we're good for the whole
summer, right? Right?

PAN UP to the side of the house, where we see Bart's eyes
peering out from behind the window shade, watching this.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bart is sitting in the dark again. His room is a mess,
piled with comic books and strange gadgets everywhere. He
has dark circles under his eyes, and is playing "Stratego"
all by himself, making the pieces talk to each other.

BART

(SOLDIER VOICE) I swear I don't know
where the bombs are! Only the Miners
know that! (EVIL VOICE) Maybe this
will loosen your tongue! (SOLDIER
VOICE, GASPING) No! Nooo!!

Lisa pokes her head in the door.

LISA

Uh, Bart...?

BART

(STARTLED SCREAM, THEN) Don't you
knock?!

LISA

Sorry. I just came to see how you were
feeling.

BART

(BITTER) Never better.

Lisa walks around, concerned. She passes weird glow-in-the-dark monster models, piles of magazines, and a large sheaf of papers in Bart's handwriting that reads, "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" over and over.

LISA

Bart? Are you sure you're okay? I mean, look at what you're doing up here. (RE PAPERS) What's this...?

BART

(FURIOUS) Don't turn on that light!!

LISA

(RETREATING) Okay.

BART

(CHANGING THE SUBJECT) So. How you like being Miss Popularity?

LISA

(RESERVED) Oh, well, y'know, it ain't so great. (OFF HIS LOOK, CONFESSING WILDLY) Bart, it's the best thing that ever happened to me in my life! I'm sorry to say that to you, but it's true! (CATCHING HERSELF) Well, anyway, I uh, brought you a present, to help cheer you up.

She hands him an oblong, gift-wrapped box.

LISA (CONT.)

It's the telescope that I won at the Optics Festival.

BART

(ACIDLY) How thoughtful. I'll put it with the tennis racket that Homer gave me. At least that I can pretend is a guitar in my secret concerts.

(COVERING) I've said too much.

LISA

(HURT) Sorry if you don't like it. I only thought it might get you interested in Astronomy. So you'll have a hobby up here.

BART

(DARKLY) Oh, I already have plenty of hobbies.

LISA

(LOOKING AROUND, UNEASY) Yeah, I, uh...noticed. (SHUDDERS) Ewww. Well...I'll see you later.

BART

Whatever.

Lisa goes out. Beat. Bart picks up a copy of "Mad" magazine.

BART (CONT.)

What have we here...(READING)

"Greeting Cards We'd Like to See".

(NERDY CHUCKLE) How skewed.

INT. SIMPSON MASTER BEDROOM - NEXT DAY

Marge and Homer are in the bedroom.

MARGE

Homer, I need to talk to you.

HOMER

Soon as I get out of the bathroom.

He goes to their bathroom door, which is locked. There's a line of kids in wet bathing suits standing outside it.

ANGRY KID

Uh, Mister? There's a line, you know.

HOMER

(SCOWLS, THEN TO MARGE) OK, shoot.

MARGE

Well, I'm worried about Bart. He's always sulking in his room and he won't come out. (PUZZLED) And he keeps asking me to buy him pipe cleaners and tracing paper.

HOMER

(WORRIED) He's not writing a tell-all book about us, is he? (ANGRILY) If he blabs to the press...

MARGE

Homer! I feel terribly for Bart, but cast or no cast, he can't sit around all day feeling sorry for himself. Maybe you should have a talk with him.

HOMER

I already did.

MARGE

(ALERT) Oh good, what'd you tell him?

HOMER

(SADLY) That he's having the toughest
little life I've ever seen anybody
have.

A puddle of water slowly spreads across the floor, coming
to their feet. They look up to see a delegation of wet
kids, looking sickly, all dripping on the floor.

WET, SICKLY KID

Uh, Mrs. Simpson? We all have cramps.

Grampa appears in the doorway.

GRAMPA

(WHINY) I have cramps, too. (TO KID)

Git lost! I was here first.

EXT. BACKYARD - DAY

A bunch of kids are in the backyard, staring up at Bart's
window, where we can see Bart's silhouette behind the drawn
windowshade.

FIRST KID

See that shadow up there? Some say
that's Lisa's crazy half-brother.

SECOND KID

I heard they hide him in the attic 'cos
he has tentacles for arms.

MILHOUSE

I heard he ran a guy over in a parking
lot.

Lisa, who has overheard all this, becomes angry.

LISA

(CURT) Hey!

MILHOUSE

Uh, I was just makin' small-talk.

Lisa storms off in a huff.

MILHOUSE

(APOLOGETIC) But..I can still go in
your pool, right?

EXT. BACKYARD - NIGHT

In pitch darkness, we hear small sounds of SPLASHING and
then Marge GIGGLING.

MARGE'S VOICE

(GIGGLING) Homer...? Are you in yet?

SFX: A TREMENDOUS DUNKING "SPLASH!"

HOMER'S VOICE

Yep.

We hear more splashing sounds, as of the two of them
swimming together.

MARGE'S VOICE

This was a lovely idea, Homey. (COY)

Come here and kiss me.

HOMER'S VOICE

(ROMANTIC) Mmmm....

Suddenly, we hear the loud WHIRR of an approaching
HELICOPTER. After a beat, a blinding searchlight shines
down from the chopper, illuminating Homer and Marge skinny-
dipping in the pool. They SCREAM and try to cover
themselves. We see Wiggum and Eddie above in the chopper,
munching popcorn from a bag.

WIGGUM

(THROUGH MEGAPHONE) Do not be alarmed.

Continue swimming naked.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - NIGHT - A LITTLE LATER

Bart is sitting up late at night, working on a model of "The Visible Man" with great absorption.

BART

(SQUINTING, FRUSTRATED) Damn! These
perineal glands are so tiny, you'd need
huge, goggly eyeballs just to see them.

Casting about the room, he notices the telescope in the corner and picks it up.

BART

(AN IDEA) What if...?

Using the telescope as a magnifier, he looks again.

TELESCOPE POV

of the Visible Man's throat in magnified closeup.

BART

(DISAPPOINTED) Hey! The epiglottis is
just a Mike 'n' Ike...

He tries to continue working, but his arms are too short to reach around the telescope to glue the pieces in.

BART

Damn. Whaddaya know, though. This
thing really works.

He takes it to the window and looks out at the night sky.

TELESCOPE POV

His view pans across the majesty of the heavens. We see stars, constellations, planets, comets, meteors, etc.

BART'S VOICE

Bo-ring.

He pans across this and then pans straight down into the windows of the Flanders house next door.

BART'S VOICE

(EVIL CHUCKLE) Ah-ha! Gonna get me a
peek behind closed doors...

He pans through the bedroom windows of the Flanders house, but all he sees are Rod and Todd kneeling, saying their prayers.

ROD/TODD

(PRAYING, SING-SONG) ...And bless Lech
Walensa, and all Christian souls whose
names begin with W...

BART'S VOICE

(IMPATIENT GROWL)

He scans the other way with the telescope, training his sight on the backyard. Suddenly his POV comes upon Homer and Marge swimming naked in the pool. He quickly scans away and sits bolt upright.

BART

(VERY SOBER) Steer clear, boyo. That
way madness lies.

TELESCOPE POV

He scans back across the Flanders kitchen window, when he sees Ned in the kitchen sharpening a large knife nervously.

BART'S VOICE

(INTRIGUED) Hel-lo...

Ned takes the knife and splits a hair with it.

NED

For what I am about to do, may the good

Lord forgive me.

Holding the knife in a menacing way, he stalks into the next room, where the shades are drawn.

FLANDERS

(MENACING) I'm coming to get you...!

INT. FLANDERS' DINING ROOM

Ned stalks into the dining room, where a large cake is resting on the table with a hand-made sign reading, "Do Not Eat Until Todd's Birthday".

NED

I'm coming to get you, pound cake...!

TELESCOPE POV

Ned's silhouette behind the windowshade appears to be stabbing something and then waving the knife triumphantly, holding something in his other hand. After a beat, Ned reappears visibly in the adjacent window.

NED

(REMORSEFUL) Dear Lord, what have I
done? Forgive me! Forgive me...!

ON BART

who sits back, eyes wide.

BART

Omigod. Ned Flanders is a murderer.

FADE OUT.

END OF ACT TWO.

ACT THREE

FADE IN:

EXT. SIMPSON HOUSE - RAINY DAY - ESTABLISHING

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart is sitting at his window, looking studiously through the telescope. He turns and scribbles in a notebook.

BART

(WRITING) 1:47 P.M.: Flanders has now
been pacing for one hour. This could
be big. (LOOKS AGAIN)

TELESCOPE POV

Ned is in a window across the way, pacing nervously.

NED

OK, don't panic. Just clean up this
mess, before anybody finds out.

Ned brings a bunch of weapons to the kitchen sink,
including an axe, a machete, a hacksaw and a number of
knives. He begins washing them off in the sink.

BART

(SUSPICIOUS GASP)

INT. FLANDERS HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Flanders is washing the weapons off.

NED

(TO HIMSELF) If word got out that ol'
Ned Flanders doesn't keep his tools in
tip-top order, why, folks might think I
was a lazy so-and-so.

TELESCOPE POV

When he's finished with the tools, Ned starts rolling up a long, heavy, body-shaped bundle inside an old carpet, which he then ties shut with rope.

NED

I'll bury you. Bury you good.

BART

(EVEN MORE SUSPICIOUS GASP)

Ned sneakily peers out the window and checks the rain. He turns and sneakily puts on a rain hat.

BART

Ah-ha! Going someplace, Neddy-boy?

Ned proceeds to slowly put on a scarf, galoshes, huge rubber wading pants, and finally a yellow slicker raincoat, which he meticulously buckles. Bart GROANS impatiently.

DISSOLVE TO:

TELESCOPE POV

Ned is in his back yard in the rain, digging a big hole. He deposits the carpet bundle in the hole and buries it.

WIDER ANGLE

Ned is right across from Homer, who for some reason is also out in the rain digging a big hole to bury something in the Simpson yard. They skittishly acknowledge one another.

NED / HOMER

(SHY NOD) Hey.

INT. BART'S ROOM

Bart's focus is glued to Ned. He puts down the telescope.

BART

We're getting to the bottom of this.

(TURNING) Ooh, my modeling clay is hardening.

EXT. BACKYARD - A SUNNY DAY

Homer and Marge watch by the side of the pool as Maggie swims around the edges quite gracefully, moving through the water rather like an otter. Homer picks up a tennis ball and throws it to the other side of the pool.

HOMER

Fetch, Maggie! Attagirl! Fetch!

Maggie swims to the other end, catches the tennis ball in her mouth, and returns with it.

HOMER

Good girl! (THROWS IT) Fetch!

MARGE

(ANGRY) Homer! She's not a dog!

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - LATER

Bart is still glued to the telescope at the window.

BART

(RHETORICAL) The next logical question to answer is: who did Flanders kill? My research so far suggests it must have been Todd.

TELESCOPE POV

Todd comes into a room and starts talking to Ned.

BART'S VOICE

I mean Rod.

Rod enters the room a moment later.

BART'S VOICE

(QUICKLY) Mrs. Flanders?

Long beat. Ned, Rod and Todd continue talking. No one else comes in.

BART

(COUNTING) Seven-miss'ippi, eight-miss'ippi, nine-miss'ippi, ten. No Mrs. Flanders in sight. (DARKLY) Ned, you dirty wife-murdererin' dog.

INT. SIMPSON LIVING ROOM - A LITTLE LATER

The doorbell RINGS and Lisa answers it. Outside on the steps are about fifty kids in bathing suits.

ALL THE KIDS

(AS ONE) Hi, Lisa!

LISA

Hey, everybody. (PAUSE)

ONE BOY

You uh, look nice today.

LISA'S BRAIN

They're only using you, you know.

LISA

(TO BRAIN) Quit it. (TO BOY) Thanks.

Awkward silence.

ANOTHER KID

And it sure is, nice..weather, too.

Silence. We begin to hear scattered COUGHING and BIRDS CHIRPING from the back of the crowd.

LISA'S BRAIN

(SING-SONG) They're us-ing you.

(ADDING VERY QUICKLY) By the way, Romanticism emerged as a critique of neo-Classicism.

LISA

(TO BRAIN) Quit it! (ALOUD) Why don't
you all just come on in, and, come
swimming?

ALL THE KIDS

(AS ONE) Great.

They all troop past her and straight into the backyard.
Lisa hangs behind a moment.

LISA

(TO HERSELF) They are just using me.

What if I let this charade continue?

LISA'S FANTASY

A college-age Lisa with long, straight hair, wearing cat-eye glasses and combat boots, sits before a group of professors in mortarboards, defending her doctoral dissertation.

SENIOR PROFESSOR

We all want to commend you on your
brilliant dissertation, Lisa. We're
awarding you a summa cum laude,
conferred by our visiting dignitary,
actor Hal Holbrook.

HAL HOLBROOK

(SAGELY) As a man who's played the
President on many occasions, let me
say: congratulations, Lisa.

LISA

I'm very honored. I don't know what to
say.

All the professors begin changing into swim-suits, picking up inner-tubes, fins, scuba masks, etc.

HAL HOLBROOK

Well, howzabout inviting us over for a nice dip? You got a pool, right?

LISA

Are you giving me a summa because you like my work, or because I have a pool?

HAL HOLBROOK

Don't make us answer that.

BACK TO SCENE

LISA

(SHUDDERS, THEN) Nah, just relax and run with it. This'll all be taken away from me long before that happens.

SMASH CUT TO:

EXT. MARTIN PRINCE'S BACKYARD - THAT MOMENT

Workmen are putting the finishing touches on a gigantic, gleaming, very impressive above-ground swimming pool with a volleyball net, a redwood deck, etc. Martin opens a wire cage, releasing dozens of carrier pigeons into the air.

MARTIN (CONT.)

Go, my pretties! Stir up the youth of Springfield, and bid them welcome to my glorious new pool!

Beat. He looks up to see that all the pigeons have settled on a telephone wire overhead.

MARTIN (CONT.)

(DEJECTED) Mom, would you hand me the
phone book? I'm afraid I've got some
cold-calling to do.

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - DAY - A LITTLE LATER

As usual, there is a huge crowd of kids in the pool,
splashing and screaming. A harried Marge runs back and
forth, with plates full of sandwiches, sodas, etc.

MARGE

OK...who needed noseplugs?

A dozen kids pop up to the side of the pool, with long
streams of phlegm from their noses running straight into
the water.

CHORUS OF RUNNY-NOSED KIDS

We do!

MARGE

(EXHAUSTED SIGH)

EXT. BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

IN THE POOL

Dolph whispers something to Jimbo. Jimbo leans over to
Kearney, and whispers in his ear.

JIMBO

Dude, the word on the street is, an
even wussier kid has an even better
pool than this one. Pass it on.

Kearney turns to pass it on, but as he does, he notices the
water level in the pool radically drop before his very
eyes. He looks up to see a mass exodus of kids up the
ladder and out of the pool.

AT THE BACKYARD DOOR

A huge crush of kids is swiftly rushing through the door, without so much as a good-bye to Lisa, who stands adjacent. Finally the last one vanishes, and she's left alone.

LISA

Wait! Wait! Come back! (SIGHS)

Well, I guess it's for the best.

Nelson comes back out into the yard.

NELSON

Haw haw!

Pause. He remains standing next to Lisa.

NELSON (CONT.)

Um, would you do me a favor?

LISA

(NOTHING LEFT TO LOSE) Sure. Why not?

NELSON

Tell your brother that that goes for him, too.

LISA

(EVENLY) I'll do that.

NELSON

Thanks. You're a pal.

He exits, whistling happily to himself.

INT. FLANDERS LIVING ROOM - DAY - LATER

Ned opens up a cardboard box and takes out a human skull.

NED

Thank the Lord, Uncle Lemuel's remains
are finally home from the mission in
Borneo. (TO SKULL) Lemmy, we hardly
knew ye.

TELESCOPE POV

Soundlessly, Flanders is talking to a human skull. He
turns to the window and seems to wink.

INT. BART'S ROOM - CONTINUOUS

Bart puts down the telescope indignantly.

BART

Ohhh, now he's playing with me! This
has gone far enough. It's time to tell
the world! Anyway, my parents.

INT. LIVING ROOM - LATER

Homer, Marge and Lisa are in the living room. Bart is
standing in front of them.

MARGE

Bart, I'm so glad you've snapped out of
it and rejoined the family.

BART

Everyone, I've been doing a lot of
thinking, and I've got something very
important to say.

MARGE

We're listening, dear.

BART

Ned Flanders murdered his wife.

HOMER

(AFTER A BEAT) No such luck, son.

LISA

(GIGGLES) Bart, maybe you broke more than just your leg.

BART

But I have proof! OK, not proof. I have drawings that I made of him doing it. Well, how he might have done it. Plus, I've been staring at him an awful lot lately, and... Fine, don't believe me! I'll just get a computer, and find guys on E-mail who'll believe me. Shouldn't be hard.

He struggles back up the stairs, MUTTERING to himself.

HOMER

Marge, it's not too late. We could have another son. We're still young...

MARGE

Homer!

LISA

Maybe I'll have a chat with him.

INT. BART'S BEDROOM - A LITTLE LATER

Lisa is sitting talking to Bart.

LISA

This is my fault. When you first became an overthinker, I should have recognized the early warning signs, and given you a few pointers. But I will say this: (SHAKES HEAD SADLY) you're doing it all wrong.

Bart focuses the telescope and looks through it.

BART

Lisa, I'll prove it to you right now.

(PAUSE) Omigod...

TELESCOPE POV

Ned, Rod and Todd are climbing into the family car, and getting ready to drive off.

BART

Lisa! This is our chance! He's going out! You've gotta sneak in and look around.

LISA

Okay, Bart, but just to prove to you that there's nothing wrong with Ned.

(BEAT) Nothing legally wrong.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE - MINUTES LATER.

TELESCOPE POV

The Flanders car drives off. Bart pans over to the back door, where we see Lisa jimmying the back door and going in. Pan from window to window as Lisa walks through each room, turning to Bart to shrug at each juncture: "Nothing here."

ON BART

who's starting to get bored himself. We see him tapping his fingers listlessly...

BART

Bo-ring...

TELESCOPE POV

the telescope starts to drift aimlessly as Bart loses interest. It focuses on a squirrel, on a cloud shaped like a hammer and sickle, and finally, on the Flanders car, returning prematurely to the house.

BART

Uh-oh. Gotta warn Lisa. But how?

He rummages through a big pile of books and papers, coming up with a book called "Snappy Warnings for Dangerous Situations", by Al Jaffee. He flips through it briefly, then gives up.

BART

Not working. Call the police!

He picks up the phone and dials 911.

POLICE OPERATOR'S VOICE

(ON PHONE) Springfield Police

Department. This conversation is being recorded. So, leave a message with a daytime phone number, and we'll get back to ya. Have a great day! (BEEP)

BART

(INTO PHONE) Send someone over to Ned Flanders' house right away! There's a murder in progress!

Hangs up. Casting about...

BART (CONT.)

(WORRIED) I'll have to go down and
warn her myself. Shouldn't be hard.

He swivels around abruptly, accidentally elbowing his
crutches out the window.

BART

(ANNOYED GRUNT)

INT. FLANDERS KITCHEN

Lisa is still poking around, to no avail.

LISA

(SEARCHING) Cookbooks...cookie
cutters...Oh, this is ridiculous.

Ned, Rod and Todd enter from the front.

NED

Well, howdilly-hey, Lisa! Now that
you've broken into the ol' homestead,
mi casa su casa! Can I getcha a cup of
tea, or some lemonade?

LISA

(CHARLES NELSON REILLY) Glllll...

Suddenly the back door flies open, and Bart drags himself
in, half-crawling, half-limping, huffing and puffing.

BART

(SHOUTING) You keep your wife-
murderin' hands off my sister, Ned, or
I'll---

NED

(PUZZLED) Wife-murdering...?

MAUDE'S VOICE (O.S.)

(COMING FROM UPSTAIRS) Neddy, what's
all the ruckus down there...? Did you
bring my flu medicine?

BART / LISA

(AFTER A BEAT) We can explain.

DISSOLVE TO:

INT. FLANDERS LIVING ROOM - LATER

Ned is sitting around drinking tea with Bart and Lisa,
listening raptly to their story and answering questions.

NED

...so I hope you kids can see there are
perfectly innocent explanations for
everything you thought you "saw".

BART

Why did you wink at me while you were
holding a human skull?

NED

(OFFHANDED) Oh, we've talked long
enough.

EXT. OUTSIDE THE FLANDERS HOUSE - SIMULTANEOUS

Many police cars screech up to the Flanders front door,
sirens wailing. As Wiggum, Eddie and Lou get out, a MAN
FROM ACROSS THE STREET runs up to them.

MAN ACROSS THE STREET

(ANGRILY) I woulda gotten away with it
all: the murder, the robbery and
everything, if it hadn't been for those
meddlesome kids!

WIGGUM

We're looking for a guy named Flanders.

Seen him?

MAN ACROSS THE STREET

Forget what I just said.

INT. FLANDERS LIVING ROOM - CONTINUOUS

NED

Well, there's a good lesson in all this
that I hope you children have learned.

LISA

That's it's wrong to break into
people's houses on flimsy pretexts?

NED

(CHUCKLES) No, Lisa. Your parents
should've already taught you that.

BART / LISA

(STUMPED) Uh...well...then...

NED

The lesson is, Just because you think
something weird and nobody else
believes you, it doesn't mean you're
going to be proved right in the end.

(BEAT) Except of course in a religious
context.

Suddenly the door is kicked down and cops stream in, waving
guns.

WIGGUM

Flanders, you're under arrest for murder!

NED

No need for alarm, Chief. We've got that squared away. There hasn't been any murder.

Wiggum drops his guard instantly.

WIGGUM

Oh, okay. (LOOKING AROUND) Uh-oh. Looks like you're gonna have to come downtown anyhow. (POINTING) You've got your TV illegally hooked up to both the VHF and UHF receivers.

NED

That isn't a crime.

WIGGUM

(NOT SURE) Um, I think it might be.

NED

(POINTEDLY) Trust me, it isn't.

WIGGUM

Well, you better come along, just in case.

EXT. FLANDERS HOUSE

Ned is being led away in handcuffs.

BART

Ned, I feel that this is my fault.

NED

(PHILOSOPHICAL) Well, it is, li'l
buddy, but no sweat! Having a prison
record, however short, offers a chance
to practice the virtue of humility.
See ya when I make bail!

He is rudely shoved in a paddy wagon and driven off. bart
and Lisa stand alone for a second, thinking.

BART

Well. Back home to embarrassment and
solitude, Lisa?

LISA

Sure, why the hell not?

EXT. MARTIN PRINCE'S BACKYARD - A LITTLE LATER

Martin's pool is dangerously packed to overcapacity with
every screaming, jumping kid in Springfield. Martin
himself floats above the ruckus on an enormous rubber raft,
presiding over the mayhem in a velvet smoking jacket.

MARTIN

More friends! More allies! More, I
say! Hang those who talk of less!
There's a few inches over here, ho!

ANGLE ON THE POOL WALL

which is straining, fit to burst. Cracks appear in the
supports, and the whole pool quickly collapses. The water
floods out and hits Martin's house in a tidal wave,
spilling SCREAMING wet children all over the yard.

MARTIN

(WEEPING) My precious pool, and its
lifestyle accoutrments! Nooo!!

After a dazed beat, the children get up and come to their senses.

KID WITH LEADERSHIP QUALITIES

Quickly! Back to Lisa Simpson's house!

QUESTIONING KID

But surely she'll never have us, after
our bald-faced betrayal!

KID WITH LEADERSHIP QUALITIES

Small-minded fool! Have you no stomach
for a little...deception?!

MOB OF KIDS

(SHOUTING) To Lisa's!

EXT. SIMPSON BACKYARD - LATER

The backyard and pool are again filled with screaming children everywhere. The place is a madhouse. Bart and Lisa sit by the side of the pool, sipping iced tea.

LISA

They've all come back because they
missed me. Isn't that sweet?

BART

And you believe them?

LISA

Not for a second. (POINTEDLY)
Remember what Ned said was the lesson
we were supposed to learn?

BART

(BLANKLY) No.

LISA

Eh, me neither.

They sit placidly watching the mayhem.

FADE OUT

END OF ACT THREE

END OF SHOW